The Sketch

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SHAW'S "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA."

Gabriel Pascal produces the Technicolor film version of Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" now in course of production at Denham with VIVIEN LEIGH *and* CLAUDE RAINS *in the name-parts. This picture shows their first momentous meeting in the shadow of the Sphinx. Other stills are given elsewhere.*

A

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Aux Armes, Citoyens! It is not often that etheric noises strike a plangent chord in me, and I have no dog-like "response to stimulus" from His Announcer's Voice. But when, not long ago, I idly turned the knob at one o'clock, and I heard a few brief, crisp sentences about Paris, and then the fortissimo of the "Marseillaise"—why, then, I confess, I had a little trouble with my Adam's Apple and I found it necessary to blow my nose. That greatest of marching-songs has surely never failed to quicken the pulse of anybody with blood in his veins. Paris! No city in the world, I suppose, has so many memories for so many people. It is long since I saw it, and it was still "gay," though even then, with an undercurrent of apprehension and self-distrust. There are Frenchmen still living who can remember that when they were children something unspeakable happened in Paris—the Prussian Army made its first march through the Arch of Triumph. A grim and ironic arch it has been! But then also, once before, a Bastille fell!

"Have you got a hair-net turning slightly grey?"

DRAWN BY JACK INGLIS.

The Marble Arch of Triumph.

There is no Arch of Triumph in London, and a Nazi procession through the Marble Arch would be a difficult military manœuvre. I think it was G. K. Chesterton who said that the Marble Arch was a typical British monument, because it led from nowhere to nowhere, and of course it wasn't marble, anyhow. Still, it might have made an adequate parade ground for a little goose-stepping, and as it is on a spot where felons used to be despatched in quantity, perhaps it would not have been an inappropriate site for the Herrenvolk's celebration of the Conquest of England. I wonder whether the nation even yet realises how near it came to that at one point, and how most of the world regarded it as a foregone conclusion? Probably the whole inner history of this war will never be written, but enough will be told to make us realise that we have lived through a series of miracles. Well, gratitude for miracles should not prevent a resolution not to depend on them in the future. There is a limit to them!

". . . and I am writing this from one of Italy's luxury hotels."

DRAWN BY MASKEE.

Thorough.

They have found in an enemy headquarters in France thousands of maps—probably only a fraction of the whole edition—of the south coast of England. Doubtless there were other maps, in great quantity, of every inch of England—the Invader's Pocket Atlas. Doubtless, too, they had all been prepared long before the war—that is just one little example of German "thoroughness." But there was a hitch in the plans, owing to the unreasonable behaviour of the Few in a Field of Human Conflict. And so the maps were withdrawn and cancelled—but not wasted; for there is a paper shortage, and on the other side were printed maps of parts of France. Again a slight hitch! Many of those maps have now become obsolete, owing to more unreasonable behaviour in another Field of Conflict, and this time by many and not by few. Thoroughness does not always come off. It's just too bad!

"All right, then—if we get any more blast we'll get up and go downstairs."

DRAWN BY APP.

Hither and Thither.

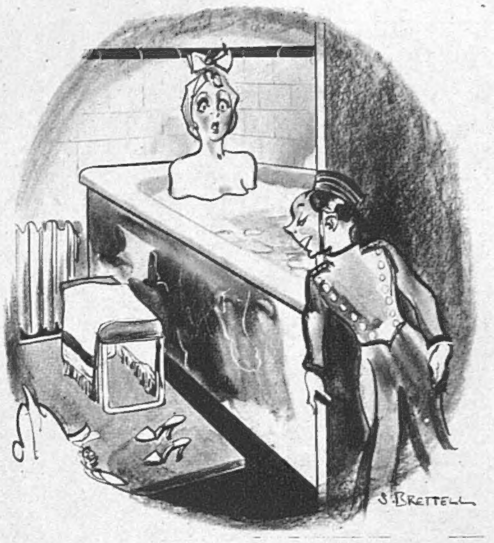
I am sorry for anybody who has to read maps in Europe, and especially in France, to-day. This present type of warfare seems to me all wrong, and I register my disapproval of it. I was brought up, with some pain and grief, to understand that you had a line, and the enemy had a line, and you were always trying to punch holes in his line or push it back; and if you 'd got a few hundred yards and mud and desolation from him, you had done rather well. Now I look for a line on the map and all I see is a thing like a worm in agony; and I don't even get that half the time, but only a splash of arrows hither and thither and everywhere. People seem to be whizzing about in tanks and cars to all points of the compass, with a lot of Maquis mixed up in the general *mêlée*, too, just to make things more confused. Do you call that strategy? We managed things in a more orderly fashion in my time, though I admit it was a rather tedious process.

Dick Swiveller.

Even the most exalted among us are unable to resist this restless spirit. It seems impossible to pin the Prime Minister down to one spot for very long. Surely we have never had in our history a more Mobile Unit for our chief Minister. He himself calls it "rubber-necking." It is certainly a tensile and elastic apparatus, this inquisitive neck, but the resilience does not seem to be confined to one part of the constitution. We may be sure that there are good reasons for all this ubiquitous swivelling, and it is generally the prelude to important events; but there is just this little uneasiness in the mind of the public, I think, that a neck which is of rubber sticks itself out. The tortoise adopts a different technique; but then the tortoise is probably, in the whole realm of nature, the least appropriate model that one could suggest to Mr. Churchill. May I respectfully inquire whether he has got a permit from the Ministry of Supply for his rubber neck?

More Crime Wave.

War certainly produces strange conditions! The most respectable British citizens cannot take an innocent dip without being haled before the Beaks. Judges, Members of Parliament, popular comedians—criminals all! It only shows what the demoralising influences of war are; sooner or later, everybody has to come within the prehensile grip of the law. We must protect our judges and legislators from torpedoing themselves, or each other, with mines. The military can swim among them with impunity, but that, no doubt, is all part of their battle training in amphibious operations. On a point of order, I should like to know whether a Member of Parliament who is summoned for the grave offence of illegal bathing can ask a question about himself in the House of Commons? It is a nice constitutional point. As for a Judge of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, the obvious professional etiquette is for the Bench to impose a fine nisi, without ever making it absolute.



"'Scuse me, Miss . . . doodle-bug comin' up!"

DRAWN BY S. BRETTELL.

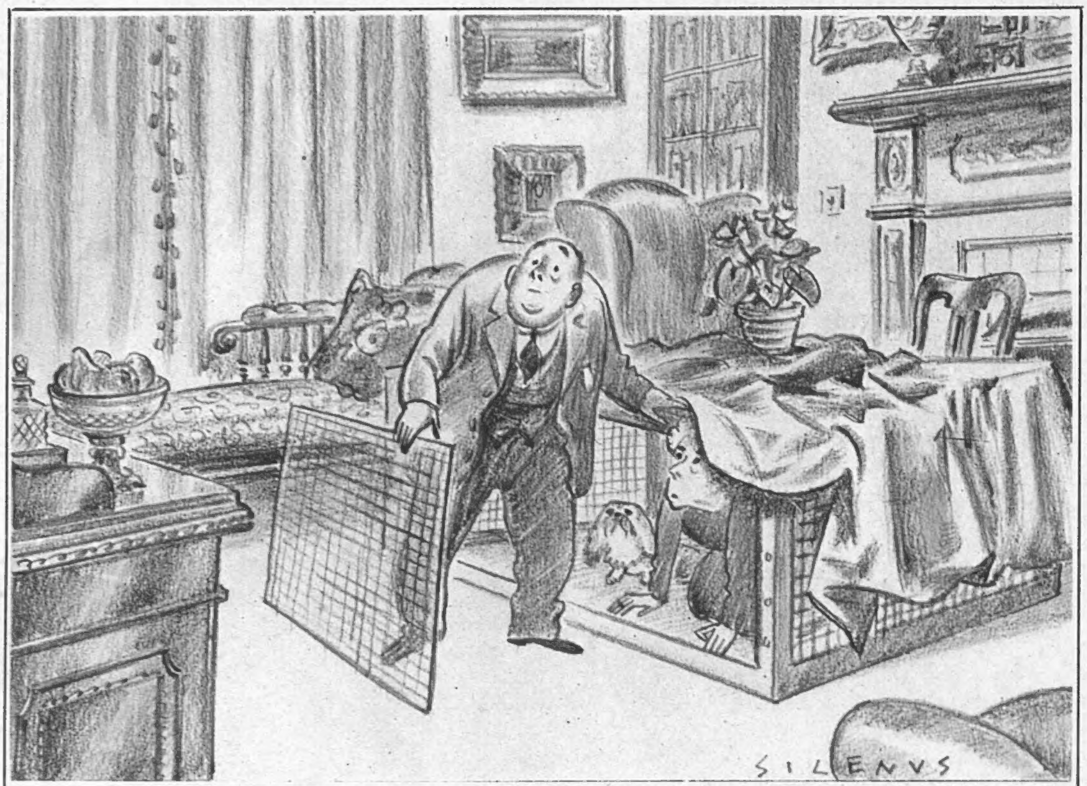
"My husband and I are doing war-work . . . but only as a *hobby*, of course."

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

A Himmler Wanted.

The fact is that the law is not half strict enough. People have recently been looking up some of our ancient statutes, which are full of jolly little surprises. As there is practically no limit to the crimes which you can commit under the Defence Regulations, it is just as well to know a few of the other offences for which most of us ought to be languishing in gaol. For example, eating meat on Wednesdays; eating a mince pie at Christmas (condemned as "an idolatrous thing"—now, what is the history of *that*?); exhorting any of his Majesty's lieges to abstain from the consumption of alcoholic liquor (Temperance Societies please note); going to church otherwise than on foot; playing any ball game on Sunday outside your parish and doing any work on Sunday which you are

[*Continued overleaf.*



" Perhaps you 're right. It *does* sound rather guttural for one of ours ! "

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

accustomed to do on weekdays ; swearing profanely (3s. 4d. if you are a gentleman, 5s. if you are " above a gentleman," but only a bob if you are a common sailor) ; eating sweets in any public place (nothing said about chewing-gum) ; buying a lobster of " shorter length than eight inches from beak to tail." Naggers and henpeckers are reminded that ducking in a pond is still the way of dealing with a " common scold." Why is nobody ever prosecuted for things like these instead of for giving a pork chop to a neighbour without coupons ? Really, the police seem to be very lax ! We need a Himmler.

Rise Above It, Hedgehogs ! Talking of Himmler—am I doing them an injustice, or do I seem to notice a certain tendency to sombreness in our enemies at present ? The Big Shots appear to suspect it too, because they have been publishing articles explaining to all Germans that humour and gaiety are a " divine armour against horrors." The exponent, Herr Doktor Bayem, explains that " war cannot tolerate an unlimited quantity of seriousness," and that a soldier who can crack a joke now and then " makes himself a hedgehog against all horror." A special instruction is therefore issued to all ranks about the value of " humour in war," and no doubt there is a nice drill for it. The Master-Race certainly have a native talent for philosophy and psychology, but it is odd how stupid Slave-Folk like ourselves stumble upon these things almost unconsciously. I don't recollect that we have ever impressed on the troops or the citizenry that war should be conducted with " an unlimited quantity of seriousness," though there have been times when the limits were not very obvious. Now that the Germans have discovered this great secret, it is unfortunate that Goebbels should have shut all the theatres and other places where people could make hedgehogs of themselves against horror.

Close Shave. Just to illustrate what queer kinds of " divine armour " we seem to play with, you find Britons, in the middle of a war, arguing about the burning question of Dr. Grace's beard and the number of fast balls which rested in it. I have always considered that two bushy beards—those of the Doctor and of the Marquess of Salisbury—were great and typical monuments of the Victorian era. But that beard-shaving ball I place among the pleasant legends of cricket —and W.G. was a natural magnet of legends. There are other legends which we should be sorry to discard ; a number of great cricketers have caught swallows in the slips (and retired hurt, I imagine), and several big hitters have put balls through the clock at Lord's. George Bonnor is supposed to have done it once, but for others it is like the Indian rope trick—everybody has heard of it and nobody has ever seen it. But let us keep our legends ; the clock as a target would certainly brighten the cricket of some of our batsmen. But to encourage bowling at a player's beard, moustache or eyebrow might lead to another body-line controversy. The Doctor had better retain his monopoly.

In the Pants. It is stated officially that the Vichy Government has moved its seat. But I doubt whether the movement, however swift, will be agile enough to avert the impending kick.

Recently our artist put his foot into the H.Q. of a certain Command *(priority), where he collected a few types who, experts and specialists, are engaged on work of the highest significance. The establishment includes both* ROYAL AIR FORCE *and* U.S. AIR CORPS *personnel.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

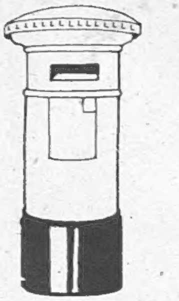
The ninety-seventh of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of " The Sketch " is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

THAT'S BEER—THAT WAS!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—I met Lady B. on the Cliff Path a few days ago. She was carrying a basket which was much too heavy for her and puffing slightly. I took the basket from her and led her to a seat. She sat there in silence for a few minutes, breathing deeply, then she said, "Henrietta, I am a wicked woman."

"Good gracious, Lady B., darling!" I said. "What have you been doing?"

"It isn't doing, it's thinking," said Lady B. darkly.

"What have you been thinking?" I said with deep interest, for Lady B.'s thoughts are always piquant and sometimes surprising.

"Here we are, with all this beauty——" she waved her hand at the sparkling sea, "no sirens, no tip-and-runs—days of sunshine and nights without fear——" She paused.

"Well?"

"And when people from London tell me Flying Bomb Stories I want to bang them on the head."

"That's nothing," I said. "I've wanted to do that for some time." "It's jealousy, of course," said Lady B., "because we can't tell Flying Bomb Stories ourselves which show us up in a good light."

"And partly because we're in a hurry. It took me three-quarters of an hour to get up the Street yesterday to buy a stamp."

"'Henrietta, I am a wicked woman.'"

"I'm thinking of having a little placard pinned to my bosom, saying, 'I think you were SIMPLY WONDERFUL.'"

"I don't mind the 'My dear, I ran screaming into the Tube' ones a bit. Do you?"

"Not a bit. It's the ones that end, 'Of course, I never moved from my desk; somebody must Set an Example' that get me down. I always feel so terribly sorry for the other people in the room who get under the table."

"And, of course, they are just a wee bit cross with us for not having the Flying Bombs here."

"It's perfectly natural. I should be exactly the same myself. But I tell you what, Henrietta," said Lady B., prodding my knee with her forefinger and gazing earnestly into my face, "I think we British, as a nation, will have to go easy on Bomb Stories to the Americans after the War, or they'll all hate us."

"You're dead right."

"It's a pity," said Lady B., with a sigh. "I was looking forward to getting hold of an American woman and telling her about the time the bomb hit our church."

"And how you went on with your lunch and never moved!"

"Exactly!" said Lady B., with a twinkle. "Well, Henrietta, I must say I feel purged and refreshed by this confession. In future, I am going to look upon Bomb Stories, and being despised and told I don't know there's a War on, and feeling guilty about it, as part of my War Work. I have always said Knitting Is Not Enough, even for an old woman."

"I used to think that as soon as I'd got Evacuees I'd feel better about everything, but they're so nice I've begun to feel guilty again."

"I *am* glad they're nice," said Lady B. "How is Charles reacting?"

"Marvellously."

"Dear Charles!" said Lady B., and then we went home.

I found the Admiral on our doorstep. As soon as I saw his face I knew something must have happened to Teddy, their younger boy, in France. "We've had bad news, Henrietta," he said. "I expect you can guess what it is."

I nodded and took his hand.

"Alice wanted me to tell you, Charles being his godfather and everything. I think she'd like to see you, if you feel you can face it."

We found Mrs. Admiral frying some fish for lunch. She was quite calm, but her face looked different. I put my arms round her and kissed her, and then took the frying-pan out of her hand. The Admiral looked at us helplessly for a moment and then went out of the room. Mrs. Admiral sat down on a kitchen chair and picked up a corner of her apron and examined it closely. "I keep thinking about him when he was a little boy," she said in a careful voice.

"He was a dear little boy."

"They both were. It's hard on their father, losing both his splendid sons."

"Performing wonders with all four croquet balls."

Then there was a silence. I turned the fish over and there was a great spluttering. "Hake does spit so," said Mrs. Admiral. Then she said, "We're not telling anybody, because of the Croquet this afternoon."

"But surely you'll scratch?"

"No, dear. Mrs. Whinebite is so very keen, I really couldn't let her down. Besides, I'd like to be occupied. But if people knew about—about Teddy it might make them feel uncomfortable."

The Lawn-Tennis, Croquet, and Bowling Club was looking very lovely that afternoon in the August sunshine, and there was quite a little crowd watching Mrs. Admiral and Mrs. Whinebite playing together in the finals of the Croquet Doubles. I arrived just in time to see Mrs. Whinebite make a smashing hit across the whole length of the lawn, and then proceed to go through a lot of hoops.

"Ah—Triple Peel," I said, as I sat down beside Lady B. I always say "Triple Peel" when I find myself near a croquet lawn, rather like people who go to Meets on foot and say, "Not much scent to-day, Master."

After performing wonders with all four croquet balls and fastening several coloured clips to her behind, Mrs. Whinebite came and sat beside Lady B. and me in a special chair marked PLAYER. "I'm playing the game of my life," she said in a low voice, "and it's just as well, because poor Mrs. Admiral can't do a thing."

Some Visitors from the Hotel wandered into the Club and paused on the far side of the croquet lawn. Every woman, except Mrs. Whinebite's opponent, who had just missed the Stick, immediately lost interest in the game and feasted her eyes hungrily on the Lady Visitor's duck-egg linen suit. "My dear, *croquet*!" said the Lady Visitor to her companion. Then she gave a little scream. "Oh! And bowls, too! How sweet! Of course, these people simply don't know there's a War on!"

The Admiral dropped his pipe on the grass. As he stooped to pick it up he laid his hand for a moment on Mrs. Admiral's knee.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"Picked up a corner of her apron."

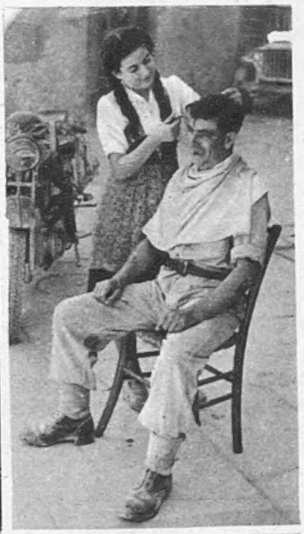
WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF THE YOUNGEST ALLIED GENERAL.

MRS. " DAN " SPRY *is the wife of Major-General Daniel Charles (" Dan ") Spry, who at the age of thirty-one is the youngest Allied General. He is the son of the late Major-General Spry, who served in the 1914-18 War and was still serving when he died a few years ago. Born in Winnipeg, " Dan " Spry married Miss Forbes, of Nova Scotia, in 1938, when he was a young Lieutenant; and she came over to England with him in 1939, and set up house near Abingdon, Berks, where she is living with her seventeen-months-old daughter, Margot. Margot has only seen her father twice, the second time being when he came over recently for thirty-six hours' leave. He won the D.S.O. when serving in Italy. He commands a Canadian Division. General Spry's brother is personal assistant to Sir Stafford Cripps, Minister of War Production.*

LEADERS, WORKERS, ARTISTS, BRIDES AND

Arc de Triomphe group in liberated Paris: GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY, GENERAL EISENHOWER, GENERAL KOENIG, *Military Governor of Paris, and* AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR TEDDER, *Deputy Supreme Allied Commander (l. to r.).*

The WRENS *will soon have an important contingent serving in France. Here are the Advance Guard leaving to prepare quarters for the main body.*



Left: DISPATCH RIDER BILL POLLITT, *of Wigan, has been serving in Italy, and, when reaching San Sepolcro, north-east of Arezzo, he found time to get a hair-cut from a young Italian girl, who seems quite expert.*

Right: MISS GEORGINA WERNHER, *elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, and grand-daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael, is engaged to Lieut.-Col. H. P. Phillips, Coldstream Guards, second son of Colonel and Mrs. Harold Phillips, Broome Cottage, Sunningdale.*

MISS MARY SAUNDERS, *a former shop assistant, is, at 18½, the youngest L.M.S. signalwoman. She has taken over the Countesthorpe Signal-box, which is now all-women run.*

London's Stage Door Canteen was due to open on August 31, at 201, Piccadilly, to provide ent-tainment and refreshment for all Allied N.C.O.s and men. BEATRICE LILLIE *(Lady Peel) is h rehearsing hostesses before the first night.*

QUINS: NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK.

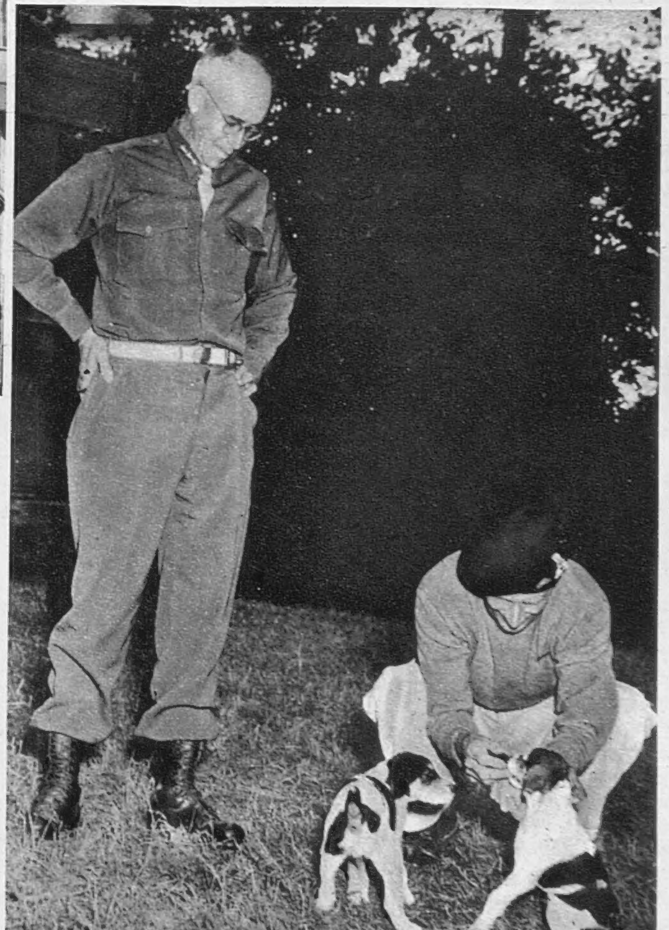
Here's the latest portrait of the ARGENTINE QUINTUPLETS, *the Diligentu boys and girls:* MARIA CRISTINA, CARLOS ALBERTO, FRANQUITO *(on the rocking-horse),* MARIA FERNANDA *and* MARIA ESTHER *(l. to r.).*

GENERAL DE GAULLE, *steadfast leader of the Fighting French, is here seen in his hour of triumph. He is acknowledging the wildly enthusiastic cheers and plaudits of liberated citizens.*

Left: MRS. ESTHER McCRACKEN, *the playwright who wrote "Quiet Wedding," had a quiet wedding herself when she married Mr. Mungo Campbell, second son of Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell, the Manor House, Wormley, Herts.*

Right: GROUP CAPT. "REID," AIR MARSHAL D. G. DONALD, SQUAD./OFF. "RIDLEY" *(l. to r.) in* "BIG PACK," *R.A.F. Film Unit picture due Tivoli, Sept. 3.*

GENERAL TITO, *recently appointed by King Peter to be Minister of War to the Yugoslavian Government in exile, is an enthusiastic chess player. He brings his famous dash and élan to this most intellectual of pursuits.*



When GENERAL MONTGOMERY *visited the Twelfth U.S. Army Group for conversations with* GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY, *he admired the latter's pet fox-terrier puppies which accompany him everywhere.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

I DOUBT if the young people of this generation in England who have not read Mark Twain will feel impelled by his screen biography to rush to the nearest library and give themselves a hearty laugh. On the evidence of the speeches and witticisms of the master recorded on the screen, they may even be a little bewildered by his international reputation as a humorist, and wonder what all the fuss was about. For the richness of Mark Twain was mainly of his time, his place, and his context, and although a good deal of the writer's lovability has come through in the film biography, the peculiar quality of his wit has not survived translation to the screen.

"*Champagne Charlie*" *(Regal and London Pavilion), starring* TOMMY TRINDER *as a popular old-time music-hall figure, is reviewed opposite.*

"THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN" (Warners) has obviously been made with the greatest care and affection. Apart from a shocking resurrection scene at the end, in which the writer's spirit climbs up to Heaven hand-in-hand with a ghostly Huckleberry Finn and a ghostly Tom Sawyer, the celebrated choir singing away like anything; apart from this banal conclusion, the film has kept pretty close to the authentic facts of Mark Twain's life, permitting itself few romantic liberties. Fredric March, in the title-rôle, gives a beautifully straight, tender and sympathetic performance. His make-up, particularly as the young Mark Twain, is meticulous, but he is too good an actor ever to seem to be straining after impersonation. His study is not to copy Mark Twain, but to understand him. He succeeds in giving a whole picture of the man, even if circumstances make it impossible for him to give a whole picture of the writer. This is impersonation in the only true sense—a portrait of a personality, not seen from without, but felt from within.

The first half of the film is the best. We first meet Samuel Clemens—"Mark Twain," a river call for "safe water," was the name he took later for writing purposes—in his boyhood beside the Mississippi. The material for "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" was all gathered from those early river days, and the boys who play young Sam and his friends make this a happy, sunlit, holiday episode, rather like an "Our Gang" comedy. Very pleasant, too, with a native tang, are the light-hearted scenes with Mark Twain as a young man. He runs away and becomes a river pilot, steering his steamboat through blind fogs and over shoals. He becomes a gold prospector, missing a lucky strike by a single panful of dirt. He and Bret Harte match their bullfrogs in a fantastic jumping contest, which he describes in a story called "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." The Civil War breaks out; the Mississippi is closed; but laughter over the Jumping Frog is one thing the North and South have in common.

Elsie Silver (GRETA GYNT) *saves Mr. Emmanuel's life in Berlin, and finds Bruno's mother for him.*

The second half of the film is not so satisfactory, when the hero marries an aristocratic New England beauty (Alexis Smith) and goes east to become a professional writer. By this time Mark Twain is becoming celebrated as a humorist, and the script-writers are under the obligation of not letting us forget it. Affectionate references to his books, as they appear one by one, are all very well; but when the master, deeply in debt through his interests in a publishing business and a new type-setting invention, is forced to undertake a world lecture tour, it is not, in any sense, so funny. This section of the film reminds me of those little suède-bound books we used to have when I was a child—Gems from Longfellow, Tennyson, Scott, Browning, in limp mauve or art green. Gems from Mark Twain are collected from his lectures in Australia, India, Egypt, England, and the States. We hear a *bon mot* from each lecture. We hear the laughter that is gradually paying off the speaker's debts. We are getting the cream of a lifetime of wit and wisdom, but somehow, separated from its context, it doesn't seem so rich. The tragedy of an unhappy man, forced to be funny so that he can afford to live, is hinted at only in one moving line: "Sometimes I feel like a stalk of corn left standing all alone in the field." There are touching, warm-hearted and funny moments even in the latter scenes, but on the whole the fine, free figure of Mark Twain tends to be lost in a mass of biographical data.

"ONCE UPON A TIME" (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion) has a delightful notion for a fantasy that ought to have been kept under lock and key until Walt Disney could make a cartoon of it. A bankrupt stage producer, on the look-out for a novelty, sees the possibilities in a performing caterpillar, kept by a small boy in a boot-box. When the boy plays "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" on his mouth-organ, the caterpillar stands up on its hindest pair of legs and dances. The caterpillar becomes the rage of New York. It is featured on the radio and by the Press. It is investigated by learned professors as a scientific phenomenon. At last Walt Disney offers £20,000 for the screen rights. But the small boy doesn't want to part with his caterpillar. He loves his caterpillar, and insists that his caterpillar loves him. In the end the whole vexed problem is solved, in the way that anyone familiar with the facts of caterpillar life must have anticipated.

The Two Cities film of Louis Golding's "*Mr. Emmanuel*" *(Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion) stars* FELIX AYLMER *in the title-rôle, and treats of his journey from England to Nazi Germany to discover the whereabouts of a little refugee boy's mother. Here Mr. Emmanuel questions a friend of the underground movement* (OSCAR EBELSBACHER), *who is disguised as a Berlin cigarette-seller.*

This is a small, neat idea, and would almost certainly have made a charming cartoon. In the hands of a very deft, ironical director, it might even have made an engaging flesh-and-blood film. Cary Grant, while not a great actor,

N.B.—Our list of the Best Theatres will be found on page 134.

has a light touch with these lively, nonchalant rôles. Ted Donaldson, a small boy with a chubby American face, is one of those terrifyingly efficient child prodigies who turn up from Hollywood as regularly as an Income-Tax demand note. The trouble with "Once Upon a Time" is that it is not content to be just simple and lively. It hankers after a touch of uplift, a kind of symbolical exaltation. "To the tune of 'Yes, Sir, That's My Baby,' it flies about the room and then out the window, upward, upward, ever upward," as the synopsis says about the caterpillar when it turns into a you-know-what.

"CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE" (Pavilion and Regal) is one of those bursts of deliberate unrefinement that one associates with cultured young men in beards and corduroy slacks, out on an artistic spree. The director, Cavalcanti, wears no beard, nor have I ever seen him in corduroy slacks, but he is one of the highest of our highbrow boys. He learnt his film technique in France, at the same time, and rather in the same school, as René Clair. In England he became head of the G.P.O. Film Unit, that nursery of so many budding documentarians, and since he moved over to Ealing Studios his work has mainly been

"Show Business" (Regal, September 16) is produced by EDDIE CANTOR, who also stars in a back-stage romance of which Constance Moore is heroine. The picture shows Cantor as Eddie Martin about to make his début as a frightened amateur at the old Miners Bowery.

of a documentary nature. The robust humours of "Champagne Charlie" are a curious fusion of Cavalcanti's experiences. The film might be described as a documentary treatment of early French slapstick in an English music-hall set.

The story takes place in the 1870's, and describes the rivalry of two popular music-hall figures of the day, George Leybourne and the Great Vance. These two gentlemen make a speciality of songs about drink, and as mutual competition compels them to become classier and classier, the beverages are stepped up from 'arf of 'arf-and-'arf, through old ale, gin, burgundy, claret, port, rum, to brandy and seltzer. Eventually the Great Vance achieves a triumph with his ditty about "A Glass of Sherry Wine," assisted by the giggling young ladies in the boxes. George Leybourne caps it with his celebrated "Champagne Charlie," which takes the town by storm. The Great Vance, incensed, calls young Leybourne out; they fight a purely nominal duel in the cold grey of the morning at Chalk Farm; they are reconciled, and eventually appear in the same bill in a combined fight against a threat to close the music-halls.

"Champagne Charlie" is a close film; mainly confined in its action to small and rather stuffy theatre sets. There is a certain claustrophobic feeling about it, as if the story were trying to burst its bonds and get out into the busy life of the day, away from the clink of mugs, and the shouts of the chairman, and the reek of beer. As a genre film of a special, stifling kind, though, it is rather successful; more successful, for instance, than the B.B.C.'s "Old-Time Music Hall." The songs are not elevated, but they certainly have gusto, and Tommy Trinder as Leybourne, and Stanley Holloway as the Great Vance, know how to give them all they've got. Mr. Holloway, as a matter

Twentieth Century-Fox's "Wing and a Prayer" (Odeon, September 8) is a story of sea life and the Battle of Midway as they concerned an aircraft-carrier skippered by Captain Waddell (Charles Bickford). Here Ensign Chisholm (RICHARD CRANE) breaks out the life-raft from his damaged 'plane, while his gunner tries to get out of the turret in an effort to return to the carrier.

of fact, in a superbly arrogant performance, manages to give them a good deal more than they've got. The rest of the acting is so-so, except for that of a Miss Betty Warren, who plays the celebrated star of the Mogador, Bessie Bellmore, with a large-hearted flamboyance that is quite in the best music-hall style.

If you like to watch the fine, meticulous acting of the Russian school, I can recommend "HEROES ARE MADE" (Tatler). This is the autobiography of Nikolai Ostrowsky, who was a heroic figure of the Russian revolution in its first years. He was drawn as a boy into a bitter, underground struggle, learnt in the toughest school of war to become a guerilla fighter, lost his health and his eyesight through the wounds and privations he suffered, and finally wrote an account of his experiences called "The Makings of a Hero," as a testament to succeeding generations of Soviet fighters.

The story has been brought to the screen with a fine integrity by Mark Donskoy, the man who translated the Maxim Gorky "Life" for the films. There is no straining after drama. The appeal is intellectual rather than emotional. The acting is first-rate, from that of the young Perist-Petrenk, who plays Ostrowsky, to the minor character parts.

With reluctance I pass to "GOVERNMENT GIRL" (New Gallery), with Olivia de Havilland and a nearly new, large, blond juvenile called Sonny Tofts. I don't know what the special appeal of "Government Girl" may be, but it definitely isn't intellectual.

Most of the piece is a boisterous comedy, somewhat in the Mack Sennett tradition, about a Washington secretary who works for one Mr. Browne, a "production expert." It is Mr. Browne's job to speed up the output of bombers, and this he does by unorthodox methods which finally land him in front of a Senate Court of Inquiry. Charged with appropriating a stock of aluminium intended for the Navy, he seems likely to lose his case, when Miss de Havilland romps into the Senate room, and interrupts the trial with a speech that would have been ruled out as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial in any other court of justice.

With masterly timing, Miss de Havilland's speech is supported by the appearance of at least two squadrons of bombers making aeroplane noises outside the window. The combined appeal so works on the patriotic senators that they forget all about the affair of the aluminium, and Mr. Browne is acquitted without a stain on his character, amid love and kisses from all.

SPENCER TRACY as Heisler and SIGNE HASSO as Toni are the stars of "The Seventh Cross" (Empire), story of the Westhofen concentration camp near Mainz in the autumn of 1936. One of the seven crosses of the title is prepared for Heisler, but he finds refuge in Holland, where Toni, a waitress, gives him fresh hope.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THIS FRENCH CAMERAMAN *in Paris, for preferring to "shoot" himself rather than make a target for American guns.*

SERGT.-INSTRUCTOR RABIN, *Commando-trainer, for lifting a pretty "weight."*

Partisan "NICOLE," *for being a hot shot with an automatic, and taking twenty-five prisoners.*

THE FRENCH NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN took his life in his hands as he toured the Paris streets on top of his car, a sitting target for stray bullets. Street-fighting had not yet died out. The Americans were about looking for Germans and pro-Fascist elements, and he had no desire to run the gauntlet of their gunfire. Hence the appeal in English on his car.

YOUNG men get their chance in Army promotion to-day, for brains and brilliance of any age can rise to the top. It was recently announced that LIEUT.-COLONEL R. W. MONCEL, who is only twenty-seven, had been promoted to the acting rank of Brigadier. He thus becomes the youngest Brigadier in the Canadian Army. Brigadier Moncel has been C.O. of a field regiment, and has held several Staff appointments.

LIEUT. ANNE W. TINGES, of the U.S. W.A.C.s, has received the award of the Purple Heart for bravery in saving the life of a child during a flying-bomb incident in Southern England. The Purple Heart may be said to correspond to our Military Cross. It was instituted by Washington immediately after the American Revolution, for soldiers who had suffered great hardships during the campaign. It is awarded for "acts of singularly meritorious service or acts of extraordinary fidelity or essential service."

A BRIGADIER R. W. MONCEL, *for being Canada's baby Brigadier.*

LIEUT. ANNE W. TINGES, W.A.C., *for winning the Purple Heart by her courage during a doodle-bug incident.*

SERGT.-INSTRUCTOR N. RABIN trains Commandos—a job notorious for brains and brawn, which turns out troops who both in appearance and performance are magnificent. With a few hours leave on hand, Sergt. Rabin went off to the swimming-pool at Roehampton, where, finding Firewoman Barbara Callahan, N.F.S., mobile-canteen driver, he did a little weight-lifting for the entertainment of herself and her friends.

"NICOLE" is a young French partisan girl of first-rate military efficiency. Besides liquidating other Nazis, she captured twenty-five of the enemy in the Chartres area. "Nicole" is expert with the automatic rifle which she holds in the picture.

UNLIKE the "Momma" of the song, GENERAL PATTON is not required to lay his pistol down, and he goes one better than that lady, for he habitually packs two pistols and has even acquired a third since his arrival in France. The photograph shows him unpacking his new revolver with pride to show to General Bradley (centre) and General Courtney H. Hodges, Commander of the First Army.

GENERAL PATTON, *for being a pistol-packing Poppa who collects armour on a big scale and isn't asked to lay it down.*

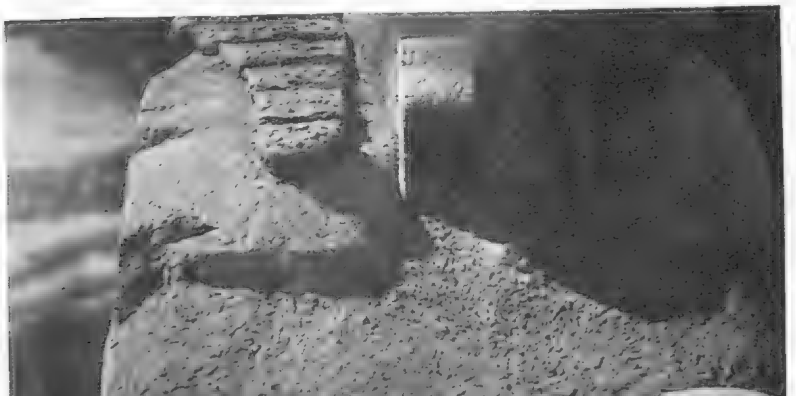
BACK TO EUROPE: PRINCE BERNHARD.

H.R.H. PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS, *who recently returned from a visit to the Dutch forces fighting in France under General Montgomery, is thus the first member of an exiled Royal House to set foot on the Continent since the war began. He was very suitably received by General Crerar, Commander of the First Canadian Army, whose country, Canada, has given sanctuary to his wife, Princess Juliana, and her three children, Princesses Beatrix, Irene and Margriet. His Royal Highness also flew recently with American Liberators on a bombing mission over Europe. Flying is a passion with him, and when piloting his own 'plane his Sealyham dog always flies with him for company.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH, OF OTTAWA.]

VIVIEN LEIGH AND CLAUDE R

" By Jupiter, I will do that too ! " Cæsar (CLAUDE RAINS) dives into the sea after Apollodorus, to the horror of his secretary, Britannus (CECIL PARKER), Cleopatra (VIVIEN LEIGH) and Rufio (BASIL SIDNEY).

CLAUDE RAINS as the fifty-year-old Roman conqueror, Julius Cæsar, whom Cleopatra regarded as " an old gentleman " ; with Rufio (BASIL SIDNEY).



" Old Gentleman, don't run away ! " Cleopatra, sheltering between the Sphinx's paws, gets her first sight of Cæsar, and is attracted by his appearance.

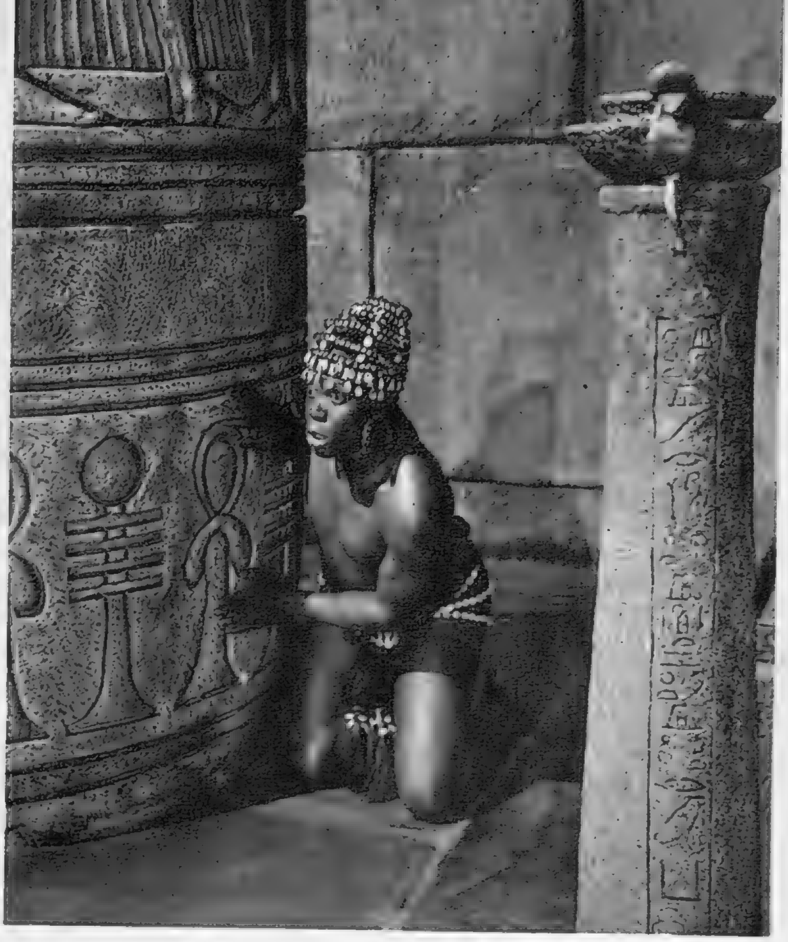
" What whim is this ? You cannot go on the water except in the Royal barge." Ftatateeta (FLORA ROBSON), the domineering Chief Nurse, with Cleopatra.

THE film version of George Bernard Shaw's " CÆSAR AN
made at Denham with Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains
in 1900 ; and was produced on the London stage in 1907.
notes to the play, G. B. S. wrote that his reason for ignorin
for presenting his characters as if they were modern men and
taken place since their time. Cleopatra's childishness is, he
be observed in our own climate at the present day in many
Olivier played Cæsar to his wife's C

N.B. A Coloured

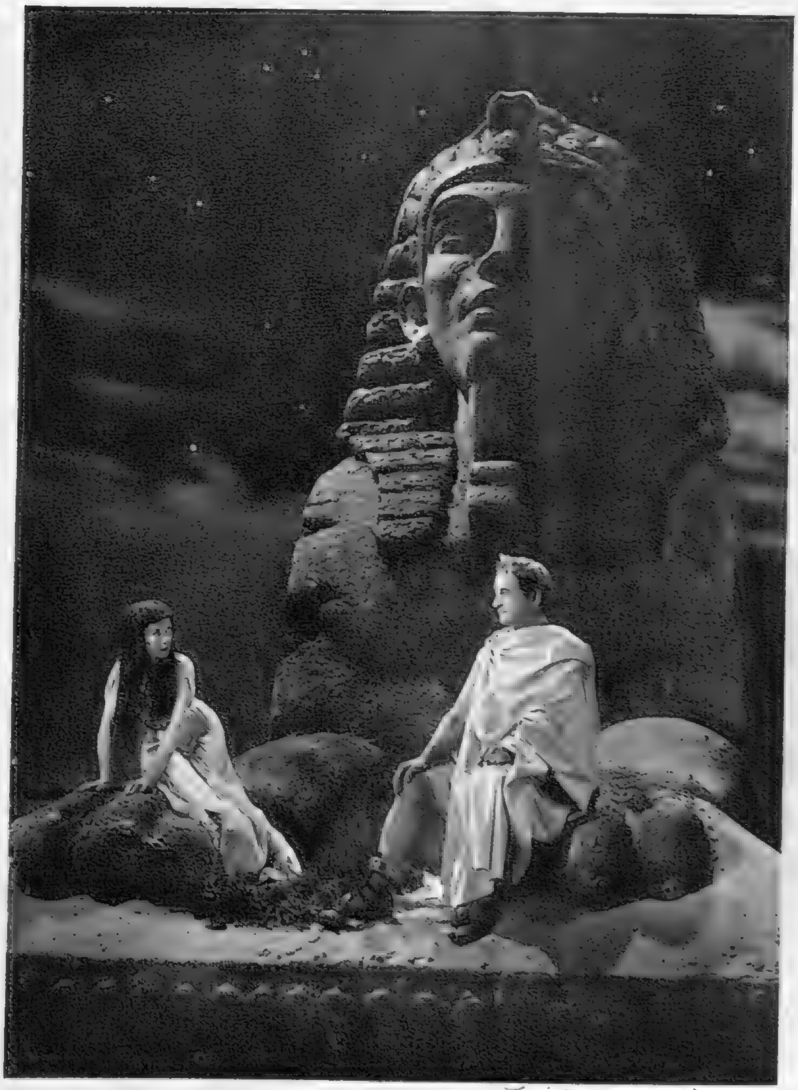
NS IN "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA."

STEWART GRANGER *as Apollodorus, the Sicilian, whose "calling is to choose beautiful things for beautiful queens," with Britannus, the Ancient Briton.*



ROBERT ADAMS, *as Cleopatra's Nubian slave. Terrified by the imminent arrival of the Romans, he "goes to ground" in a convenient shelter.*

"Cæsar never eats women. . . . But he eats girls. . . ." CLAUDE RAINS *and* VIVIEN LEIGH *as Cæsar and Cleopatra at their first meeting, when Cleopatra does not know who he is.*



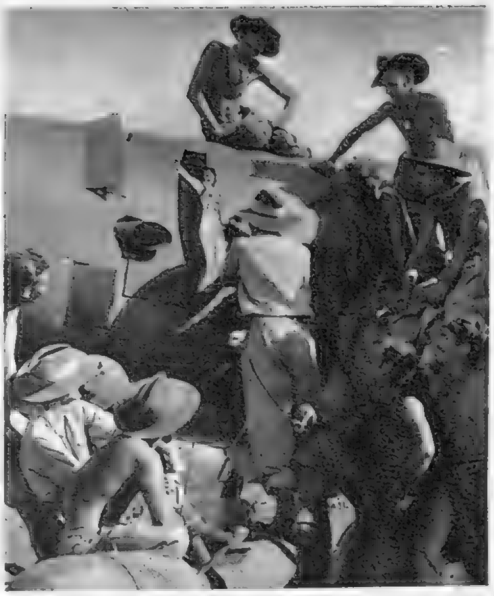
"But this isn't the great Sphinx. . . . This is only a dear little kitten of a Sphinx": Cleopatra and Cæsar after their first meeting.

OPATRA," a Gabriel Pascal production in Technicolor, is being
name parts. It was first published in "Plays for Puritans"
s been revived three times, in 1913, 1928 and 1932. In his
popular conception of Progress in "Cæsar and Cleopatra," and
is that there is no reason to suppose that any Progress has
ut, of character, not lack of experience, for "childishness may
of fifty." In our issue of August 9 we stated that Laurence
The rôle is taken by Claude Rains.

inserted in this issue.

AUSTRALIAN R.A.F. PIN-UPS.

RONNIE ELIOT *is a Tivoli ballet girl adopted as pin-up girl by airmen in New Guinea.*



F/Sergt. Debenham, of N.S.W., gets plenty of advice as he paints a picture of Ronnie Eliot on the fuselage of a 'plane.

This original photograph of JU McPHERSON, *taken on a Sydney beac was copied and painted on to a 'pla (below, left), and much admired by t ground crew of a squadron.*

THE men of a R.A.A.F. Vult Vengeance dive-bomber squadro operating in a New Guinea ar have adopted members of the Tivo (Sydney) ballet as their pin-up girl They like to have the girls of the own country as mascots, and each crew selects i own favourite member of the ballet and has h either painted on the 'plane or uses specially mad photographic transfers. Photographs of the gir also adorn the men's quarters.

JAN RHYND *was photographed on a beach somewhere in Australia, and painted on the engine cowling of a 'plane by L.A.C.W. Clarke (right, above).*

JOYCE SMITH *posed for R.A.A.F. pin-up purposes. F/Sergts. Kellett and B. P. Turner (below, left) took a look at their mascot on a bomber fuselage.*

THE TROJAN HORSE ON BROADWAY.

A scene from Max Reinhardt's mammoth musical "Helen Goes to Troy," staged at the Alvin Theatre, New York, is shown here. Helen, played by JARMILA NOVOTNA, *lovely Czech star of the Metropolitan Opera, is seated centre surrounded by the warriors, some of whom are boxed inside the Trojan Horse waiting to enter the city. Erich Wolfgang Korngold conducts the New Opera Company presented by Yolanda Mero-Irion, in Offenbach's music. Reinhardt first produced this musical as "La Belle Hélène" in Berlin in 1911, with Jarmila in the title-rôle; later under C. B. Cochran, it was presented at the Adelphi Theatre, London, as plain "Helen," with Evelyn Laye as the far-from-plain star.*

MODERN PUB.: "BIRD IN HAND," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

The solicitous innkeeper, Thomas Greenleaf (HERBERT LOMAS), *brings out his best wine for Ambrose Godolphin, K.C.* (GEORGE BISHOP).

Joan (FELICITY LYSTER), *Mrs. Greenleaf* (KATHLEEN BOUTALL), *Thomas Greenleaf, Mr. Blanquet* (IVOR BARNARD), *Cyril Beverley* (FRITH BANBURY), *and Godolphin (l. to r.).*

An English pub. is the setting for John Drinkwater's comedy "BIRD IN HAND," recently presented at the Arts, now running at the St. Martin's. Greenleaf, the innkeeper, is proud of his yeoman ancestry, but his class-consciousness will not tolerate the idea of his daughter, Joan, marrying the Squire's son. The persuasive arguments of a K.C., a Commercial Traveller and a young Intellectual leave him unmoved, and it takes the Squire himself to settle the trouble. The arguments, quarrels and discussions make a witty play. Herbert Lomas and Ivor Barnard are in their original parts, Greenleaf and Blanquet, in which they have given hundreds of performances in London and New York.

Cyril Beverley helps Gerard Arnwood (RICHARD STAPLING) *to climb into the inn in order to explain his honourable intentions in regard to Joan.*

Ambrose Godolphin and Cyril Beverley, forced to share a room in the inn, have been arguing loudly, and wake the third guest, Mr. Blanquet, who comes in to ask them to be quiet.

The solicitous landlord transformed into a furiously indignant parent: Cyril Beverley and Ambrose Godolphin try to restrain Greenleaf's rage.

18TH-CENTURY TAVERN: "MINE HOSTESS," AT THE ARTS.

Rich arriviste Count of Albaforita (NEWTON BLICK; *left*) *offers money and jewels to fascinating innkeeper Mirandolina* (JUDY CAMPBELL). *The Marquis of Forlipopoli* (RALPH ROBERTS) *can only promise social standing.*

Mirandolina goes all out to bewitch the woman-hating Knight of Ripafratta (BALIOL HOLLOWAY) *and waits on him herself, while the knight's servant* (BERTRAM SHUTTLEWORTH) *stands bemused with admiration.*

Two lively ladies of the town, Ortensia (DOROTHY REYNOLDS) *and (right) Dejanira* (JOAN STERNDALE-BENNETT), *get into the tavern by giving themselves false titles.*

The choice of three noblemen is nothing to Mirandolina; her heart belongs to Fabrizio (ALASTAIR DUNCAN), *potman of the inn.*

GOLDONI'S "Mine Hostess," translated by Clifford Bax, ends its three-weeks run at the Arts Theatre Club on September 10. Its rich comedy lies in situations rather than in wit, as the pretty innkeeper, Mirandolina, flirts lightly with one noble admirer after another; subdues the woman-hating Ripafratta, only to fall into the arms of her own potman. The incidental music is arranged from contemporary Italian music by Leonard Salzedo, and the settings are designed by Rolf Gerard.

Making special dishes with her own hands as she proceeds with the softening-up of the woman-hating knight, tavern-keeping Mirandolina takes a glass of wine in his room.

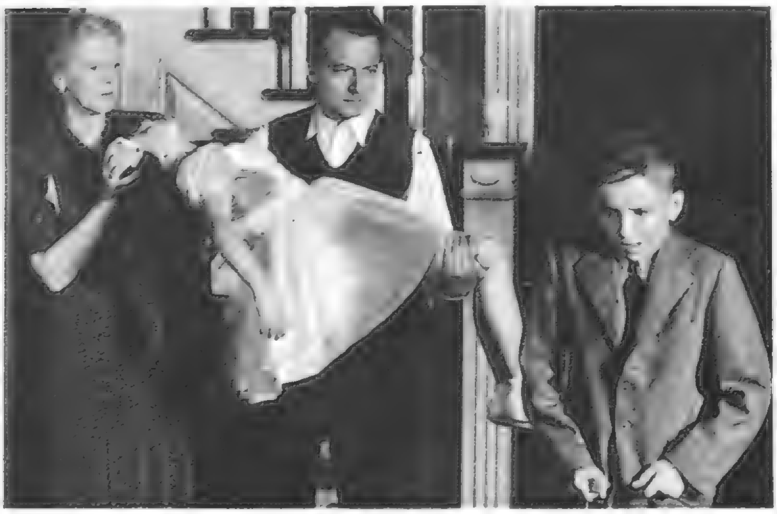
The nephew-orphan refugee arrives in America—a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi: Emil (DAVID O'BRIEN), Frieda (LILLY KANN) and Michael Frame (ROBERT HARRIS).

Attired in his Nazi uniform as a member of the Hitler Youth Movement, Emil, the monster of twelve, slashes at the portrait of his father, who died for anti-Hitler views.

Patricia (ANGELA GLYNNE) has tried to stop Emil from snooping and spying round her father's desk. He retaliates in characteristic Nazi style, giving a brutal twist to her arm.

Frieda has remonstrated with Emil, but he remains unmoved, and his arrogance and rudeness finally drive her to desperation; so she cuffs him soundly.

Michael Frame, who is doing secret work, puts his keys away. Emil, the little Nazi, watches, enthralled, as he tries to see where the keys are to be hidden, snooping and spying being part of the Nazi education.



Jessie Frame (JEAN CADELL), Michael, holding the unconscious Patricia; and the criminal boy, Emil, who has knocked her out with a book-end.

"TO-MORROW THE WORLD," by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau, produced on Broadway in 1943, has come to the Aldwych after a try-out at Brighton. It is the study of a specimen of the poisoned youth of Germany—twelve-year-old Emil Bruckner, who comes as an orphan to the home of a Middle West Professor. His father has been done to death in a concentration camp, but he is a perfect Nazi, imbued with the evil doctrines of his teachers, and apparently incorrigible. Emil and the young American girl, Patricia, are brilliantly played by David O'Brien and Angela Glynne.

Leona Richards (ELIZABETH ALLAN) restrains the just fury of her fiancé, Michael Frame.

EMBRYO NAZI IN THE U.S.: "TO-MORROW THE WORLD."

MARIA MONTEZ *plays Tollea, who impersonates her beautiful, wicked, but dead sister as Queen of Cobra Island.*

MARIA MONTEZ, COBRA WOMAN.

TO the Tivoli comes Universal's new Technicolor film, "Cobra Woman," directed by Robert Siodmak and starring Maria Montez opposite Jon Hall, with Lon Chaney and Sabu. The story begins with the preparations for the marriage of Tollea and Ramu on Harbour Island. Naja, Queen of the neighbouring Cobra Island, orders for secret reasons the kidnapping of the bride, her twin sister. Ramu follows to rescue, but is caught and imprisoned. After a run of intrigue, personal and political, a fight between Tollea the good and Naja the wicked ends with the latter's fall to her death from the palace tower, and Tollea reigns in her stead, with Ramu as Consort.

Wearing a plastic sequin snakeskin dress, MARIA MONTEZ *rehearses the snake dance devised for her by* PAUL OSCARD, *famous choreographer, who has evolved for the part sinuous, serpentine steps.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

WITHOUT losing its individuality, Miss Edith Sitwell's poetic gift has developed enormously during the last few years, and now her voice is perhaps the most compelling as well as the most unmistakable in the whole orchestra of modern poetry. The development is towards a greater seriousness of mood and a larger and more majestic movement in the verse—though it is hardly necessary to add this, since with Miss Sitwell technique is so much a process of poetic thought that the two are scarcely distinguishable.

The war, one imagines, and the attempt to reconcile it with some consistent, not unhopeful view of human destiny has wrought this change in Miss Sitwell's outlook. The subject of many of the poems in "Green Song" is mortality, "the shade of mortality lying On the golden hand." Youth looks forward to age with dread; age looks backward to youth with longing, but Miss Sitwell's vision does not stop short with life: it embraces death and time—Death the Skeleton and Time the Shadow. Necessarily the poems are sad, but never with the sadness of annihilation, for to Miss Sitwell the dust is sentient and can recall the flesh, and there is an ecstasy in that recollection, for "the heart is more powerful than all dust" and "the Skeleton lying upon the sands of Time" still glories in "the flames of the heart" that consumed it.

Poems of Transformation.

Miss Sitwell's vision suggests a bridge flung over the river of life, each end being visible to and within hail of the other. Her conviction that matter is spiritual in essence does not, I think, make her a pantheist; for the spirit that informs matter, that *is* matter, comes from without, transforming it. It would not be too much to say that all Miss Sitwell's poems are poems of transformation, and the most obvious result of the transformation is to dissolve the barriers set up by the forms of things and to reveal the kinship that they share under their apparent separateness. Thus one of the strongest impressions the poems leave is of the unity of all created things. The beauty of the Spirit can be realised by the mystic apart from any form in which it may clothe itself. Miss Sitwell is a mystic, but she is a poet first, and it would destroy poetry if a poet was not aware, much more keenly than ordinary men, of the differences in the outward forms of things. In Miss Sitwell's poetry they are doubly differentiated, as things-in-themselves, and as symbols. The Sun, the Lion, the Rose, the Ape, the Bone, the Skeleton are symbols, reservoirs, as it were, of certain qualities and powers dominant in the poet's thought.

A Repeated Miracle.

Any system of thought, however complex and profound, involves a simplification, and this simplification is always open to attack, especially if it becomes easy and a commonplace of the writer's mind. The notion of matter and spirit being "divinely interfused" is poetic, but it only becomes poetry, just as metal becomes molten, when it is raised to a high emotional temperature. This temperature Miss Sitwell can always command, with the result that each new instance of fusion has the force of a revelation, almost of a miracle.

These poems are more homogeneous than those in Miss Sitwell's earlier collections. They are all beautiful, I think; some, like "Holiday," sublimely beautiful. But the quest for beauty is not the dominant intention of the poet; the dynamic principle is rather the desire to publish and make known her belief in the indestructible element enclosed by "the poor earthly dress" of every human being. This element, partaking of the nature of Love and Light, and the glowing core of personality stripped of its accretions, survives physical death and lives on, a part of the Love that moves the earth and the other stars.

A Totalitarian Fantasy.

Mr. Neil Gunn's fantasy, "The Green Isle of the Great Deep," is a novel inspired by the fear that in all countries the Government may get control not only of the bodies but of the minds of men. He pins his faith to the wisdom of age and the instinct of youth, here embodied in old Hector and young Art—two Highlanders whose friendship Mr. Gunn has celebrated in an earlier book. As the boy's name suggests, he further identifies the instinct of youth with the artist's demand for freedom of expression. Art and Hector fall into a salmon pool—not to be drowned, but to undergo the startling and instructive adventure which is the subject of Mr. Gunn's fantasy.

They find the inhabitants of the Green Isle in the process of being conditioned, by mental and physical means, to the state of identical thinking desired by their rulers. They are fast acquiring a corporate mind. The Questioner, a totalitarian Grand Inquisitor, prepares their minds by methods with which we are now familiar (the tortures are hinted at, not described). The islanders' official food, an insipid diet, makes anyone who has eaten it allergic to the fresh fruit of knowledge which hangs temptingly all round. Hector is soon poisoned, in body and to some extent in mind. Art, however, not only remains immune, but eludes capture and eventually starts a revolution.

Mr. Gunn understands the art of fantasy, and his symbolism, though not always quite easy to follow, is so much a part of his imagination that one is never aware of a scraping as the gears are changed. Being a Scot, he also has a natural bent towards metaphysics, and the arguments between the exponents of the New Thought, and the dialogues in which they themselves are examined and found in error by a Higher Authority, are full of subtlety.

Delightfully written, Mr. Gunn's allegory is not only pleasant as a piece of sheer story-writing, but it is also a valuable tract for the times.

A Conventional Woman.

"Absent in the Spring" is a novel told principally in retrospect. Joan Scudamore is the wife of a prosperous solicitor living in a country town. Returning from a visit to a daughter in Baghdad, she gets becalmed for three days in a rest-house in the desert. Having finished her reading matter, she finds herself, almost for the first time in her life, without anything to do or to think about: so she reviews her past history.

A little earlier, a chance meeting with an old school friend, who had thrown her cap over the windmill and gone sadly downhill in morals and appearance, had confirmed Joan in the good opinion of herself, which (as her headmistress told her on leaving) was one of her besetting faults. But besides encouraging her self-complacency Blanche had left behind a drop of venom which gradually began to poison Joan's peace of mind. She had suggested that Joan's incurable respectability and conventionality had cut her off from life and deprived her of the capacity for loving and being loved.

An Ungrateful Family.

Examining her relationships with her husband, her son and her two daughters, Joan gradually and indignantly comes to realise that there is something in the charge. By managing everybody's lives for them she had kept love at arm's length. In spite of all that she had done for her family, their one desire was to get as far away from her as possible. Her son had gone to South Africa and married a girl of his own choosing, and her husband had walked away from the platform at Victoria looking definitely relieved. All through life's springtime, when she should have been giving him emotional support, she had been absent from him. By the time the train arrives she is in a panic.

I felt a little sorry for Joan, possibly sorrier than Miss Westmacott means one to. Her husband and her children, so well aware of her priggishness, are also prigs themselves; and if she had not sacrificed herself for them to the extent she believed she had, yet in her own way she had done her best for them. The idea that love is incompatible with a conventional idea of duty is in itself a cliché with some writers, and despite her cleverness and insight Miss Westmacott is influenced by it. She is an artist, however; and though the general pattern of her book is almost too plain, she has a card up her sleeve which keeps us guessing even after the last page is reached.

Upshot of an Auction.

Before Miss Solatia Spry's body was found in the sea-chest which fetched such an unexpectedly high figure at the sale of John Alden's effects, she had made herself unpopular with several people, and by methods only possible in wartime. The sidelights Miss Phoebe Atwood Taylor gives us of contemporary conditions in America are not the least entertaining part of "Going, Going, Gone." The discovery of the criminal does not seem a very pressing matter while Asey Mayo is having so many entertaining adventures in his following-up of the baffling and misleading "books" clue. Asey is one of the most light-hearted and attractive of detectives, a human being first and sleuth second.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Green Song and Other Poems. By Edith Sitwell. (*Macmillan*; 5s.)
The Green Isle of the Great Deep. By Neil M. Gunn. (*Faber and Faber*; 8s. 6d.)
Absent in the Spring. By Mary Westmacott. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)
Going, Going, Gone. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)

THE BEST PLAYS.

Starred by "The Sketch." ***=top-score.

*** "BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Coward play. Penelope Ward, Joyce Carey, Nicholas Phipps.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (*Globe*). Rattigan's farce. Jane Baxter, Ronald Squire, Hugh McDermott.

** "SWEETER AND LOWER" (*Ambassadors*). Second edition of "Sweet and Low" revue: Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall.

** ONE HOUR OF BALLET (*Cambridge*). 1—2 p.m. 6—7 p.m. Popular prices. Buffet.

**SADLER'S WELLS OPERA (*Princes*).

** "TO-MORROW THE WORLD" (*Aldwych*). Nazi youth. Robert Harris, Elizabeth Allan, Jean Cadell, David O'Brien.

* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

* "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (*Duke of York's*). Ralph Lynn; Enid Stamp Taylor.

* "THIS WAS A WOMAN" (*Comedy*). Sonia Dresdel, John Bryning, Nova Pilbeam in effective melodrama.

* "THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY" (*Savoy*). Jack Buchanan, Coral Browne, Athene Seyler.

* "BIRD IN HAND" (*St. Martin's*). Drinkwater comedy. Herbert Lomas.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

Pin-up Girl: No. 8. Paulette Goddard

PAULETTE GODDARD *has a topical rôle in her next film, "I Love a Soldier," for she is to appear as a glamorous girl welder in a shipyard. Her marriage to Captain Burgess Meredith, U.S.A.A.F., the former film and stage actor, took place this summer at the house of David O. Selznick, in Hollywood.*

YOU MUST PROD MEN.*

By HAROLD BROOKE.

"LET'S go out to-night, darling."

"Good idea."

"I'm just going to have a bath."

"O.K." And into the bathroom she goes.

I lower myself happily into the arm-chair. I take with me my pipe, a drink and Peter Cheyney's latest. I settle down, turn the page, and——

"JIMMY."

"Yes, Honey?"

"What about a taxi?"

"Open the bathroom door, Pat, I can't hear."

"Is that better?"

"Yes, much."

"Darling, do something about a taxi, will you?"

"Right-oh."

But there is plenty of time, really. And I might just as well finish this chapter. And, in any case——

"Darling, you'd better fix a table, too. Gosh, this bath's hot."

"Where shall we go?"

"Oh, anywhere."

I take a drink, turn a page and stretch out my legs.

"About that table, Jimmy. You ought to fix it right away—they're not too easy to get."

"All right, Pat, darling, all in good time."

A sinister pause. "Jimmy, are you still lolling in that chair?"

I find myself by the 'phone, dialling.

"No, of course not, darling. I'm telephoning."

"Good!"

"Hullo, Victor's, have you a table for to-night? What—nothing? It's Squadron Leader Eden speaking. You always fix me up somehow. Nothing left? Good-night.

"Hullo, is that the Florentine . . . ? Nothing?

"Ferraro's? Look here, I've just got up to London on leave, and I was wondering if——No tables left?"

Good! We can spend the first evening at home.

"No luck, darling. Can't get one anywhere; let's eat in."

"No, Jimmy, please; there's not much food in the flat, and I don't want to cook a dinner, and——"

"All right, darling, we will go out. I tell you what. We'll go to Victor's, anyway. I'll see old Victor myself. He knows me. He'll fix us up with something. It was only a waiter I spoke to on the 'phone."

Well, that's that! Now, where's that book of mine? And my matches? And I'll want——

"Darling, bring me a drink, will you, please?"

"What will it be?"

"Any sherry left?"

"Just enough."

"That'll do."

That sherry bottle would be at the back of the cupboard. Got it!

"Where are the glasses?"

"In the kitchen, darling; they may need washing."

They do. "Here you are, darling."

"Put it by the tap, Jimmy. What shall I wear to-night?"

Cautiously: "Well, what about that green thing?"

"What green thing?"

"That pretty dress you wore yesterday at lunch."

"Green! That's not green, it's blue."

Defiantly: "It looks green to me."

Peals of laughter from the bath.

"Darling, pass me the sherry. No, I can't wear that."

"Why not?"

"Don't feel like it."

That's as good a reason as any, I suppose.

"What about your new suit and blue blouse?"

"Darling, at Victor's, in the evening!" Increasing merriment.

"All right, then; if everything I suggest seems to amuse you so much, I'll go."

"I believe you are getting sulky."

I'm not really—but I would like to finish that chapter.

"Pass me the towel, please, darling, and will you take away the empty glass?"

"O.K."

I relight my pipe. I get my book and my drink and lower myself into the chair. The springs creak noisily.

"Darling, what about Doctor Johnson?"

"Well, what about Doctor Johnson?"

"Shall we take him with us to-night?"

Last time we took the Doctor with us to Victor's, he jostled a bull-terrier in the ladies' cloakroom. Foolish dachshund. He spent the rest of the evening under the stern eye of the hall porter.

"No, Pat, we had better leave him here to-night."

"He will want feeding, then."

"Yes, he will, won't he?"

"It's in the larder, darling, and his bowl is in the kitchen."

Lucky Doctor Johnson, lolling in his basket. And they talk about a dog's life! I mix the biscuits and warm water. "Whoo—oo. Doc, old boy, COME AND GET IT." The dog-basket creaks. Then—patter, patter, patter—gulp, gulp, gulp. Greedy little devil.

"Hullo, darling, you out?"

"Lovely bath. I say, he is tucking in, isn't he? Good heavens! You haven't got far in your book. That's about where you were yesterday. You are a slow reader."

"It is becoming increasingly evident to me, my dear, that with all my other activities around our flat, I have the utmost difficulty in finding the necessary time for reading."

I consider I said that rather well. A trifle pompous, perhaps, but with dignity and a flavouring of subtle irony.

"And no wonder! Look at the time you waste drinking. As a matter of fact, darling, I'm glad you brought this up. It's not that you drink too much, but you always seem to have a drink in your hand. Try to cut down on this regular drinking, will you, Jimmy?" She disappears into the bedroom. A head comes round the door. "And you won't forget to turn the Doctor out, will you?"

Seize the dog, rush downstairs—up and down the Mews. Hurry up, for goodness' sake. Sniff, sniff—snuffle, snuffle. Well played, Doc! Good boy! Upstairs again, sling him into his basket. Now, where's that book? And my drink? And——

"Jimmy, what about the taxi? I'll be ready in a few minutes."

"Look, Pat, darling, it's no good 'phoning for one. Let's walk out and pick one up."

Heartrending wail from the bedroom. "Oh, no, please, Jimmy; it's raining, and my hair and——"

"All right, honey, don't get excited. I'll go out and try and get one."

"Taxi! TAXI! TAXI!"

There's one, parked outside a pub. "Are you free, Driver? Going to have a drink, are you? Well, have this one with me."

"Thanks, Sir, don't mind if I do."

"Pint?"

"Thank you, Sir"

"Well, here's how."

"Same to you, Sir."

"Do you think you could take us to Victor's?"

"Sorry, Sir, I'm about out of petrol; besides, I'm on my way 'ome."

"Have another, will you? Make it a whisky this time. Two large whiskies, please, Miss"

That ought to do the trick. It has!

Back to the flat, up the stairs, "Honey, I've got a taxi. It wasn't easy and, in fact, I had to——"

"That's marvellous, Jimmy. You are clever, darling."

She's looking adorable. She's standing in front of the fire, waving her right hand about. Varnish drying.

I give her a big kiss. A sudden, searching look.

"You've been in a pub, Jimmy, haven't you?"

"Well yes, darling. I had to——"

"That's rather mean of you. You knew I was waiting here. You were away ages."

"Yes, but darling, let me explain. It was the only way I could get a taxi."

"I still think it was rather mean of you."

Now, keep calm. Remember, they do not mean what they say. You've got a good case here. Marshal your facts and present a crushing argument.

"But Pat, darling——"

"Are you ready, Jimmy? Good! Will you please switch off the fire in my room?"

"All right, I'll see to it."

Down the stairs and join the small figure standing by the taxi.

"I've left the key on the mantelpiece. Sorry, darling."

Up the stairs—down the stairs. Slam the front door.

Voice from the gloom of the taxi. "Jimmy, shall we need a torch?"

Desperately: "Oh, I don't think so, darling."

"But Jimmy, what about that night we both walked into a wall?"

Up the stairs—down the stairs—into the taxi—slam the door. "Driver—Victor's."

Bumping through Berkeley Square. My wife has her feet curled up under her, on the seat. An odd habit.

An arm creeps through mine, a small voice whispers in my ear, "It is lovely having you back on leave again, darling."

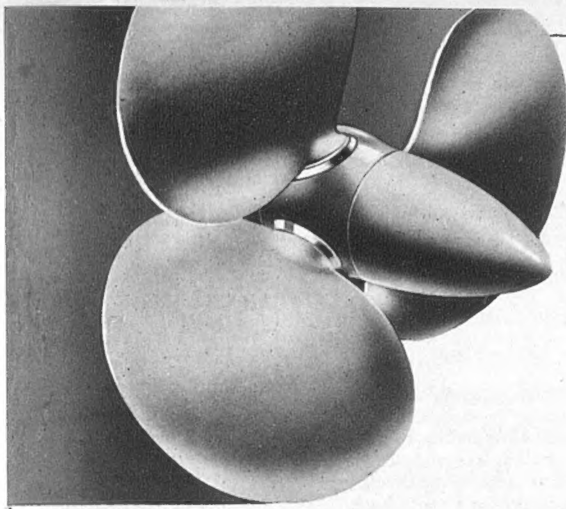
"It's heaven, Pat. How am I doing?"

"Well, darling, you know I do find you get rather uncivilised when you are away from me for any length of time. But with a bit of prodding, you soon get back into the swing of things again."

"Thanks, darling, I only wanted to know."

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*



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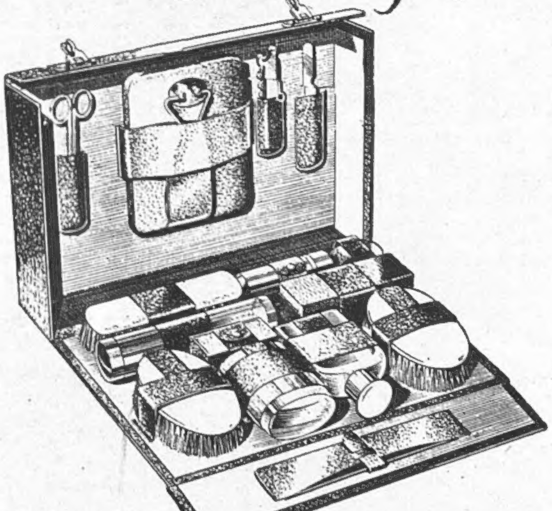

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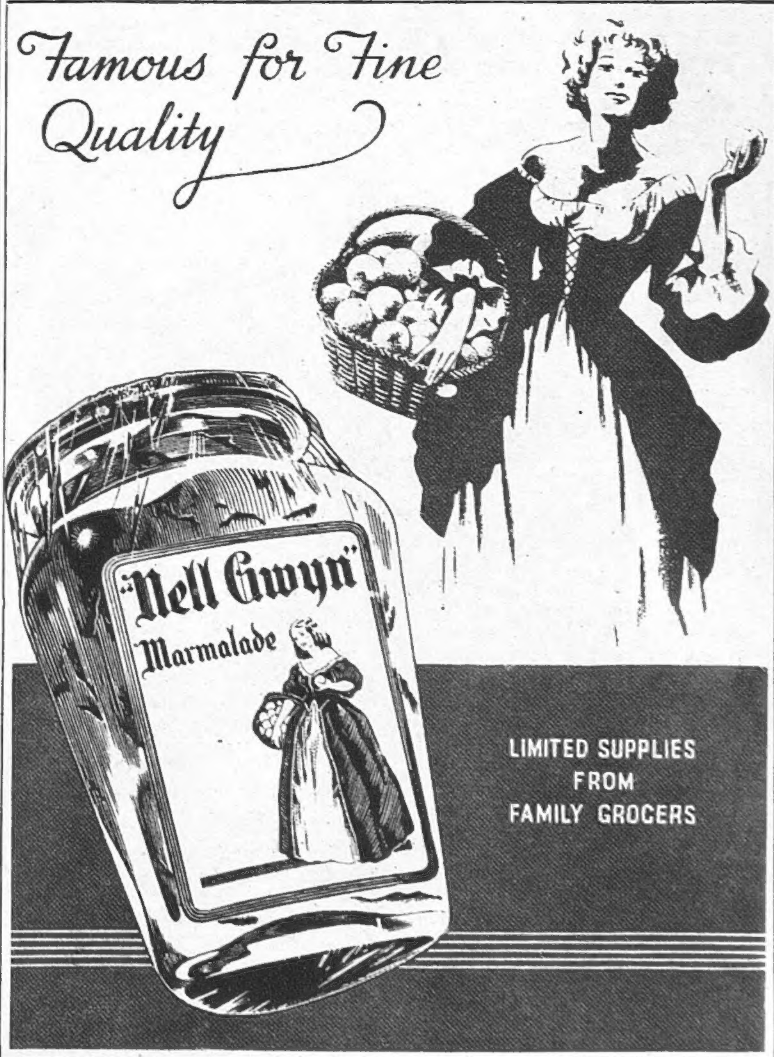

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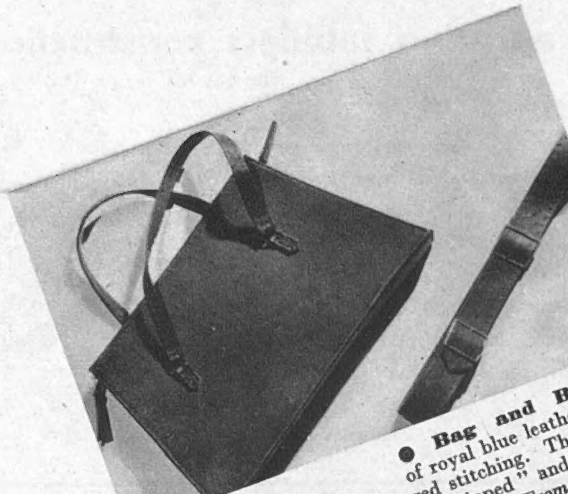

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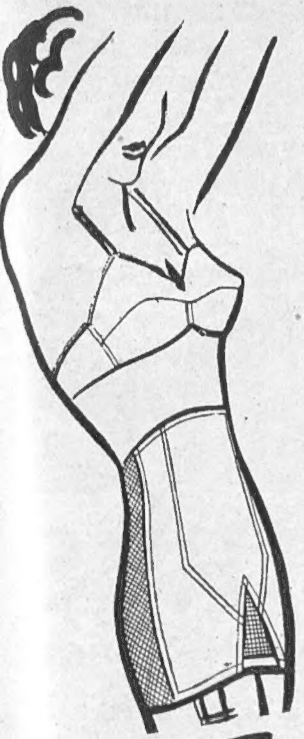

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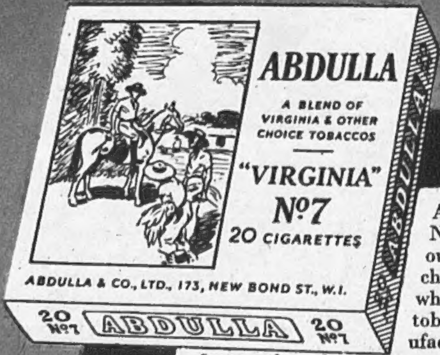

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